

Columbus Democrat.

By H. H. WORTHINGTON

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THE DEMOCRAT

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be attended to.

POETRY.

YIELD NOT TO DARK DESPAIR.

Hast thou one heart that loves thee,
In this dark world of care
Whose gentle smile approves thee,
Yield not to dark despair.

One rose whose fragrant bloom
Blooms but for thee alone;
One bud, confiding bosom,
Whose love is all thine own.

One gentle star to guide thee,
And bless thee on thy way,
That when storms belate thee,
Still lends its gentle ray.

One chrysalis fountain springing
Within life's desert waste,
Whose water's still art bringing
Refreshments to thy taste.

One tuneful voice to cheer thee,
When sorrow has distressed;
One breast when thou art weary,
Whereupon thy head to rest.

Till that sweet rose is faded,
And cold that heart so warm
Till clouds thy star have shaded,
Heed not the passing storm—

Till the kind voice that blest thee,
In life's deathly dole lies.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

To the Editors of the Metropolitan:

Gentlemen:—I was a few evenings since, at a friend's house, Mr. J's. He is one of the several sufferers by these disastrous times. Some few weeks ago he believed himself worth half a million. Loss has accumulated upon loss here, and the return of his bills upon a bankrupt house in England completed the wreck of his fortune. At the time of his failure his daughter, my lovely friend Helen, was on the point of marriage with a young lawyer, who, by dint of talent and industry, has earned an education, & who during the last year, the first of his professional career, has been in the receipt of some ten or twelve hundred dollars. This, of course, was a very inadequate income for a lady accustomed to an establishment scarcely surpassed in luxury by any in our city. But this mattered not to Helen, or Helen's father, He "chose," he said, "that his daughter should marry poor men; he had enough for them all." And he was actually in treaty for a fine house for Helen, and had decided on the amount of a most liberal portion to be settled on her, when the blow came which deprived him of the ability to give her a shilling. Circumstances added mortification to disappointment. Miss J. had left her "at home" cards at the houses of her friends. The wedding dresses and the wedding presents were made. The bridal veil and wreath and wedding ring were bought, and the wedding cake was actually in the house. At this crisis it was that I had gone, my face full of condolence, if it did any justice to my heart, which was full of sympathy, to pass the evening at her father's. I did not find Helen at home, but there were several persons there, casual visitors, friends of the family, like myself. Apprehension, sadness, or dismay sat on every countenance. The conversation naturally turned upon the all-absorbing topic of the day. Each one had his melancholy tale to relate, for each one had his losses. One told of one failure, and one of another—one gave a list of disasters abroad, & another produced an actual record of bankruptcies at home. It was prophesied that all who had not failed would fail. "There is nothing left to fail," exclaimed Mr. J., striking his hands with vehement impatience: the banks have failed, and the Government has failed; every body, and every thing has failed! "Not every thing, my dear father," exclaimed Helen, who just then entered with her lover her face radiant with expression that indicated that her happiness was secured from failure by bond and mortgage, "not every thing, sir. The moon has not failed! This happy turn of my friend gave an impulse to my mind, and set me to observing who and what had not failed. I gave you the result of my observations in the hope that it may lead others to look beyond the shadow of this eclipse. While returning home, I echoed my

friend's words "indeed the moon has not failed!" She, with her glorious train of stars, was looking down serenely on our troubled city, bearing a message of love to the disquieted spirit, an assurance that there is a better joy awaiting those who have ceased to rejoice because their wealth is gone, and because their bank has gotten much. On my way I met a friend returning from the theatre—"Did Ellen Tree succeed?" I asked. Did Ellen Tree ever fail, he replied. "No, all the world may fail; but Ellen Tree, sweet Ellen Tree cannot fail!"

I entered my home, my old dear friend, Mrs. S. was sitting alone reading so intently, that she did not observe me. Her book touched the fountains of feeling. She wiped her spectacles, and once or twice laughed aloud. Ah! thought I, books have not failed. These exhaustless magazines of happiness, these silent ministers to the soul, these successful and welcome missionaries in all parts of the civilized world have not, and cannot fail!

As I went to my room I met our faithful nurse, going her accustomed round to take a last look of the sleeping children. "Kindness and fidelity in domestic service have not failed," thought I, as I looked at the impersonation in this excellent woman, nor has their sweetest reward failed, I farther thought when one of the little girls, her slumbers for a moment, broken, murmured, kissing her nurse. Oh! is it you, Mammy; and then she fell into the arms of sleep, the "sweetest restorer," who never fails to innocent healthful children.

Morning, and the sun, who always meets his engagements, came, and clouds, which in this spring time seldom fail, appeared and poured down their noon-hung stores threatening to disappoint my object of a stroll to Hoboken with a party of children, who were watching the Heavens, as nothing else is now watched, but the money market. The morning passed, dinner came, and the dessert and the baby, the youngest of six and the pet of them all. She looked as bright as Gondo's Aurora, as she made her grand entrance in her brother's arms, attended by her train of sisters. At sight of her clouds of care, that in these careful times accumulate vanished from her father's brow. Her mother greeted her with the chorus of her favorite nursery song.

"Ching a-ring a-ring ching ching
Hon ding a linkum darkey!"
To which she replied by clasping her hands and dancing her feet, and then amidst the exclamations of her loving audience she played her part—almost standing alone, almost saying mamma—sitting in the centre of the table and rolling an orange to catch, and replying to the caresses of all with a grace and significance never in the world seen—except from the youngest of every happy home. Riches may take to themselves wings, thought I, and fly away; but the love of parents; of brothers and sisters, the beauty and joy of infancy, the riches which Heaven has ordained and watches over, never fail.

The clouds passed off, and we went to Hoboken. The grass, freshened by the recent shower, seemed greening under our feet. The birds were on the wing, singing a tedium for the return of spring. The buds were bursting into leaves, the dog-wood was just unfolding its white blossoms, and the violet opening its blue eye. Nature has not failed thought I. Oh! that the worn disappointed, heart sick denizens of our city would come forth, and enjoy a possession common to all, which wealth cannot buy, nor poverty sell, chartered by Heaven and independent of this bank note world!

On our return I met in the boat my friends Mr. and Mrs. E. They have shared the disasters of the times, without having provoked them by speculation or extravagance, and now were about to leave their beautiful house in—Square for a humble country lodging. They were both cheerful, she rather more so than usual, and when I remarked this she said, I have reason for it. I now know what we can and what we can't lose, and the balance is, beyond estimation, in our favour. This is no place or time for sentiment, she glanced her eyes fondly from her husband to her little boy who held her hand, or I would tell you what of most precious I have not lost; but even here I may say, that though my husband's business has failed, his integrity, ability, industry, and enterprises have not failed. Neither thought I, does the fidelity of a true hearted wife, her tenacious fortitude, and elevatedness, put her to what trial you will, ever fail!

The next day was Sunday. In the evening our pastor preached upon the times, and from the text, "who shall separate us from the love of God?" and I believe not an individual left the church without a sense of the littleness of those temporal possessions that are liable to fail, and a deep gratitude for those eternal and limitless riches that are offered to our grasp. When I came home I found the note from Helen J.

"My dear friend, my father has at last consented that I shall not participate the general bankruptcy, so, pray come to-morrow, the day originally appointed for my wedding, and witness my non failure. Thanks to my mother I have been so instructed in domestic economy, that I may indulge in the luxury of marrying the man I love, though he have above a thousand dollars a year, and as I hold true love, capacity, industry, and frugality to be a sufficient security, I do not fear that we shall fail in our conjugal partnership."

A Parisian belle, during the cholera panic, painted over her door "no cholera to be spoken of here!" I would go a little further, & during the panic, not only prescribe the agitating topic, but suggest others which, if duly considered, would relieve the pressure to which even the good and mainly are too passively yielding.

New York, May 1837.

[From Bentley's Miscellany, edited by "Boz."]

THE IRISH SQUIRE'S PAGE.

BY MR. SAMUEL LOYER.

"Ride into to town, and see if there's a letter for me, said the squire, one day to our hero.—"Yes sir."

"You know where to go?"—"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"—"No sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief!"—"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what ye're to do, when you don't know?"—"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"—"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the Post office.—You know the Post office, I suppose?"—"Yes, sir; where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of drugging in the life of a man who was twice buried alive. M. Morel was a Lieutenant in the Army of Egypt, and at the memorable battle of St. Jean d'Acre, he had with his thighs broken by a grape shot. When he had nearly recovered from the effects of this wound, he was attacked with the plague, and conveyed to the hospital, where he grew worse rapidly—lost all sensation, was pronounced dead, and with a number of corpses of those who had died with the same disease, he was thrown into a ditch. Soon after, one of the soldiers on guard in that vicinity, was much astonished at seeing one of the dead men standing bolt upright! He hastened to his assistance, and Morel was again conveyed to the hospital. In a few days after he was again attacked with a fit of lethargy, and believed to be dead. This time he was wrapped in linen cloth, and buried in the sand. In the night a high wind arose, which displaced the sand which covered his body—and caused the unfortunate man to awake. He tore off his winding sheet, and crept toward the hospital—where he remained a long time before he recovered his general health—but he did not recover the faculties of speech or hearing until several years after he entered the Hospital of Invalids at Avignon. He is now sixty-seven years old—and has the aspect of a decrepit old woman, being hardly able to walk.—Southern Recorder

"Who do you want it for?" said the post-master in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy, tho't the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The direction I got was to get a letter here, —that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"—"The master."

"And who's your master?"—"What consarn is that of yours?"

"Why you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?" "You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impudent questions, becase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this. Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impudence!" said Andy; "is it squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, squire Egan's your master then?" "Yes; have you any thing to say agin' it?"

"Only that I never saw you before." "Faith, then, you'll never see me agin' if I have my own consent."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty, said Andy; it is not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person entered the house to get a letter, to whom Andy was known, and he vouched to the post-master that the account he gave of himself was true. "You may give him the squire's letter. Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the post-master, producing one; "fourpence."

The new comer paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the post-master. "You've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Delany a letter for fourpence this mornin', and a bigger letter than this, and I now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the post-master. "Well, you're welkin to think what you please; but don't be delaying me now, here's fourpence for you, and go! me the letter!"

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the post-master, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a monsetrap.

While this person, and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "will you go me the letter?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get the common justice for his master which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for me.—"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That old chate beyar in the town,—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked for?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be cheated?—It's not a double letter at all; not above half the size o' one Mr. Delany got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you onsdhaun and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letter," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murder me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters that lay on the counter; so, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently until until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the massive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestir his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as his hack could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket, and holding three letters over his head, while he said "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying,

"Well, if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought you honor the worth o' your money, any how."

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.—An memoir was read at a recent session of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, detailing some curious facts in the life of a man who was twice buried alive. M. Morel was a Lieutenant in the Army of Egypt, and at the memorable battle of St. Jean d'Acre, he had with his thighs broken by a grape shot. When he had nearly recovered from the effects of this wound, he was attacked with the plague, and conveyed to the hospital, where he grew worse rapidly—lost all sensation, was pronounced dead, and with a number of corpses of those who had died with the same disease, he was thrown into a ditch. Soon after, one of the soldiers on guard in that vicinity, was much astonished at seeing one of the dead men standing bolt upright! He hastened to his assistance, and Morel was again conveyed to the hospital. In a few days after he was again attacked with a fit of lethargy, and believed to be dead. This time he was wrapped in linen cloth, and buried in the sand. In the night a high wind arose, which displaced the sand which covered his body—and caused the unfortunate man to awake. He tore off his winding sheet, and crept toward the hospital—where he remained a long time before he recovered his general health—but he did not recover the faculties of speech or hearing until several years after he entered the Hospital of Invalids at Avignon. He is now sixty-seven years old—and has the aspect of a decrepit old woman, being hardly able to walk.—Southern Recorder

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—An altercation took place lately, at Little Rock, (Arkansas,) between a Dr. McWilliams and a Mr. Pew, sub-editor of the Arkansas Gazette, in the presence of many citizens; Dr. McWilliams, having had some quarrel with Mr. Pew, charged him with gross and wilful falsehood. In a few moments Mr. Pew was observed to turn deadly pale—a fearful change came over his countenance—and, to the horror and astonishment of the beholders, he fell and died without a struggle or a groan.

Nathaniel Macon is no more.—We have the painful duty of announcing the death of this distinguished citizen of our State. He expired at his residence in Warren county on the 29th June at the advanced age of 83 years. Few men enjoyed so large a share of public confidence, and enjoyed it so long and so successfully. For more than half a century Nathaniel Macon was before the people of this State in prominent positions; during all which time he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his fellow citizens. He was the early and zealous advocate of liberty and the rights of man. He served as a private volunteer soldier, in the War of the Revolution. He represented the county of Warren in the State Legislature—until he was elected to represent Warren District in the Congress of the United States, while a member of the House of Representatives he was elected to the Senate of the United States. He was elected to preside over both Houses of Congress, advancing years induced him to retire from the Senate a few years since. When our recent State Convention was called to amend the Constitution, his fellow citizens of Warren returned him as a member.

On the assembling of the Convention he was unanimously elected President of that body. During the last presidential canvass Mr. Macon was chosen as Elector for the Warren Electoral District, and on the assembling of the College of Electors in Raleigh last December, he was chosen President of the college which gave the vote of North Carolina to Martin Van Buren for President. This was the closing scene of a long and successful public career. How few men can look back on more than fifty years devoted to the public service with a prouder consciousness of having faithfully discharged his duty. Mr. M. was not a man of brilliancy, though a man of clear and vigorous mind. He made no pretensions but unobtrusively yet firmly discharged his duty. He adhered to principle, with a tenacity which shamed his fellows. A striking example of his invincible attachment to principle, occurred while he was a member of the Senate: when it was announced that Gen. La Fayette was to visit this country as a National Guest, all classes of citizens partook of the enthusiasm which the event inspired. It invaded the halls of Congress and a proposition was made to bestow a large amount of money and land on La Fayette, in consideration of his Revolutionary services. This passed the House by acclamation and when it reached the Senate there was but one negative to the proposition, and that was Nathaniel Macon. Not that he did not appreciate highly appreciate the services of La Fayette, but he believed that it was wrong in principle. Many in the excitement of the moment condemned this act, all may now turn to it as evidence of a sound head and honest heart. But our limits forbid further detail. The Patriarch of Republicanism is gone.—The honest and kind hearted Macon is no more.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

THE PLAGUE.

In the news by the last arrival from England it was mentioned that much alarm had been occasioned in the neighborhood of the London Docks, by the sudden death of 110 men who had assisted in unloading a vessel freighted with rags from Trieste. It was feared they had died with the plague. Although this apprehension was probably incorrect, we are not so sure that England is safe from such an invasion, or the United States either. It is well known that the clothes of persons who died of the plague, or clothes in which they have slept, unless very thoroughly cleansed and purified, are almost certain to communicate the disease. And as we are continually importing rags from the Mediterranean it will be fortunate if we do not get a spice of the plague with them. We commend to the notice of the public, and especially to the parties more immediately interested, the following paragraph from Blackwood's Magazine for April.

"While England swells with faction, France with faction, Germany with faction, Spain with faction, there is an enemy in the wind that may yet summon the restless mind of Europe to sterner lessons. The plague is declared to be extending its terrible circle round the Mediterranean. In Constantinople all seems horror—there it has raged with unabated fury for six months, and the city is depopulating hour by hour, from the double effect of death and fear. Seventeen thousand of the Greek inhabitants have fled—the American patriarch has lately delivered fifteen thousand passports in the course of a few days, and the general population has been thus diminished by upwards of one hundred thousand since last September. From this centre of death

it has spread westward on both shores. It is said to have reached Salonica on the north, and Tunis on the South. How long it may be kept out of Europe in general, is a question of extreme anxiety. Our perpetual intercourse with the Mediterranean ports, our criminal disregard of precaution, the still more criminal avidity of our commerce for gain, in all quarters, and at all risks, render England more liable than any other country, to this most dreadful of all scourges. Nothing but the hand of Providence could have hitherto preserved Europe; yet undoubtedly we have a right to call upon authority to protect us from the hideous hazard of mercantile avarice. One of the papers mentions, a few days since, that we are at this moment driving a trade with Constantinople in rags for paper making, and that no less than thirty bales of those rags have been lately consigned in one cargo. There can scarcely be a doubt that those rags came from the beds and bodies of infection. The chief communication of plague, in all ages, has been by fragments of clothing. Can we regard ourselves as safe from this deepest of all desolators till such transactions are inquired into and exposed?

From the Mississippi Free Trader.

GEN. JACKSON'S REVIEW OF JUDGE WHITE'S EVIDENCE.

The Nashville Union of the 19th June contains an "Address to the Public" from the revered Ex-President in relation to the evidence given by Judge White before the congressional committee of investigation of which Mr. Wise was chairman. It is too long for insertion in our paper to-day (fifteen columns in length) we consequently confine ourselves to a brief abstract, showing the points at issue.

It will be collected that Senator White had scruples about being sworn before the committee, giving as a Jesuitical reason, that if upon his oath he should be obliged to violate confidential trust and disclose the secrets of friendship. To this he received a scolding in the following letter addressed to the committee.

JANUARY 31, 1837.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

Of which Mr. H. J. WISE is Chairman.

Being casually informed that Judge White, of the Senate of the United States, before the said Committee of Investigation into the abuses, &c. charged against the Executive Departments, has stated that he and myself have had many confidential conversations, and intimating that there was something that would be prejudicial to me, (the President), if disclosed, I therefore absolved him from all obligations of confidence in regard to any thing that has passed between us.

I wish every conversation had or held with him, on all and every subject, faithfully disclosed, with the time when, and the place where; and I hope the committee will interrogate him as to every point or matter of confidence that ever existed between us.

ANDREW JACKSON.

He was now put upon oath.

"When sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the following interrogatory was put to him by the committee:—"Do you of your own knowledge know of any act by either of the heads of the Executive Departments which is either corrupt or a violation of official duty?" Here was a clear and distinct proposition which a conscientious and honorable man would have answered without evasion or circumlocution. How did the Judge answer it? He begins by saying "from the manner in which this question is worded it is somewhat difficult for me to determine to what extent I ought to proceed in my answer. I presume it could not be the meaning of the committee to constitute me the Judge of what shall be considered corruption, or a violation of official duty by any of the heads of the Executive Departments."

But the Judge soon recovers from this protestation of his incompetency to determine what is corrupt or illegal, and leaps to the subject of the public lands with a suddenness which would almost induce the reader to think that he had forgotten the interrogatory. He says, "but my own knowledge I do not know of any frauds actually practiced either as to the sale of the public lands or in the purchase of Indian reservations; yet from information I have received in which I confide, I do believe great frauds have been practiced, and are yet going on as to both; and that in some of these our own officers or agents have been, and now are concerned or interested, and that if the committee will call upon persons who were and yet are in the vicinity of the places where those transactions have taken place, to disclose what they know, these frauds and those concerned in them can be ascertained."

We omit the long refutation of the charge of corruption in relation to the appointment of Mr. Hering—as even the evidence of Judge White, in that point, did not acquire any credence with the committee itself. The Ex-President denies Judge White's statement in regard to the dictation charged upon him in relation to the appointment of Mr. Clayton to a committee, and in relation to the chairman of congressional and senatorial committee in general, proving not only falsehood upon the Judge, but absurdity and ignorance.

Gen. Jackson sums up his remarks on the testimony of Mr. Bradley, in regard to private conversation had with him in the carriage, in the following language.

"Mr. Bradley's testimony when stripped of its verbiage and false coloring clearly shows that the confidential intercourse he betrays and which my enemies have laid hold of with so much violence to the obligations of truth and honor, manifests only my anxiety for the success of these great and cardinal principles to which we are indebted for the blessings of our republican system, and my abhorrence of the devices which have been laid to overthrow them."

The Judge, in relation to his charge against General Jackson in relation to Mr. Huntman, is placed in a truly awkward predicament. The charge was made by the Judge in a public speech at Jonesboro', Tennessee—and his proof turns out to be a conversation which Gen. Jackson held in Jonesboro', three days after Judge White's speech. This drawing upon the future for present use. Besides, the words said to have been spoken by General Jackson were not heard by eight or nine nearest him in the company—one evidence only has testified to them.

General Jackson disposes of his mistake in relation to Peyton's vote in the following language.

"The Judge impeaches my veracity for saying that Mr. Peyton voted against the appropriation

when the Journal shows that he did not. I leave the reader to decide how far the Judge sustains his charge after he is acquainted with the following circumstances:—Many members of Congress informed me that Mr. Peyton made the most denunciatory speeches against the appropriation, denouncing in bitter terms the agents employed by the government, and saying whatever else was calculated to justify the House in withholding the means of executing the treaty. It was also stated in the public prints by Mr. Coody, one of the Cherokee delegation, that Mr. Peyton was pledged to defeat that treaty. Recollecting these circumstances, and not having seen the Journal, I could not doubt the declarations made to me by a member of Congress, that Mr. Peyton did vote against the appropriation, and I so spoke of it with surprise, knowing how deeply interested Tennessee and the adjoining States were in the successful termination of our difficulties with those Indians. But the moment I saw the Journal, I did Mr. Peyton full justice by correcting this statement. No one can have forgotten that great efforts were made to prevent the passage of the appropriation to carry the treaty into effect; and it was not until near the very close of the session of Congress that a vote could be obtained upon it. It will not be denied, I suppose, that Mr. Peyton's speeches on this subject were of the character ascribed to them by the published reports of the proceedings in the House, and if so, that his course as a speaker was far more available to the opponents of that measure than his vote could have been, whether as its friend or not.—Whether it was more creditable to him to argue against an appropriation and then vote against it, or to have it stated that he made the most violent and abusive speeches, the only tendency of which was to defeat it, and then, for political effect, to vote for it, is not a question for me to decide."

The venerable Ex-President closes his triumphant vindication of himself, and his scathing exposure of Judge White's meanness and destitution of noble and honorable principles and feelings, as follows:

I now take leave of Judge White, assuring the country that nothing but an imperious sense of duty has induced me to make this review of his testimony. Although his statements were discredited by the respectable committee of the House of Representatives whose duty it was to examine them, they were yet calculated in my judgment to mislead such of my fellow citizens as may not have seen the report of that committee and who may yet have confidence, as I once had, in his character for veracity and honor. I trust that in performing this duty I have betrayed no feeling unworthy of a becoming sensibility to the injustice done to me. Being withdrawn from political affairs, as I shall soon be from the cares of this life, I can have no desire to renew the discussions which have passed respecting the measures of my administration of the general government. Of these the country will judge impartially, and time will settle their true character.—Whilst I live, however, I shall exercise the right of every freeman to repel assaults upon my reputation and honor as a citizen.

However painful it has been to me to reflect, that the injustice here done to me comes from the hands of an old friend, or one at least who has himself given the fullest proof that my intercourse with him has been marked by the most unsuspecting confidence, I am yet thankful that it has happened while I had the power of exposing the causes alleged for it. Having done this, my countrymen must decide how far I ought to be prejudiced by the statements of such an accuser.

ANDREW JACKSON.

United States Bank.—From official returns of this Bank up to first of May, made to the Auditor of Pennsylvania, it appears that this Bank owes a foreign debt of upwards of twelve millions of dollars. It also appears, that its indebtedness to State Banks exceeds the amount of its claims upon them by more than half a million.—This is the puffed up Bank, which, with less than one million of specie, its President boasted of being strong enough to "continue specie payments without reserve!" Pah, Mr. Biddle! The humbuggery of your Bank is rapidly discovering itself.

Georgetown Union.

CUBA.

The Globe contains a translation of a speech delivered in the Spanish Cortes on a proposition to allow the Island of Cuba to be represented in that body.—This is a very important subject to this country, and the manner in which it is treated by this Spanish deputy shows that he thoroughly understands it. He lays it down as an incontestable truth that should Cuba cease to be a dependency of Spain it would belong to the blacks. Because, 1. The white natives would be unable to maintain their supremacy without the assistance of Spanish troops. 2. Because if a foreign power should attempt to obtain possession of the island, opposition to the scheme would be made by some third party. England (says the orator) holds the sceptre of the seas and the United States is a maritime power in the neighborhood of the island. The United States would not consent that England should possess the island. In addition to the fact that Cuba is the key of the Gulf of Mexico, the coast of America in that quarter has but few ports. Cuba, on the contrary, has thirty four harbours, fifteen of which are capable of containing large squadrons besides this Cuba can furnish ship timber in any quantity. These considerations would suffice to make the United States unwilling that the island should fall into the hands of a great maritime power. If the United States should consent for Cuba to be occupied by Great Britain, it would be as if a merchant should send the key of his strong chest to another person, and tell him "you are the master of that chest."

England would not willingly permit the Island to belong to the United States, for reasons which she would readily find in the selfishness and ambition of her colonial policy.

"There is no other alternative, gentlemen," (concludes the